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THE TRANSCRIPT.

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By HENRY A. CUTLER.

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BURIED LOVES.

By J. BOWEN, JR.

To the night before my wedding,
And Memory's beams are shedding
Light on my boyhood's fading
Tendings on that sunny shore!
And the moon her rays is shining,
While thoughts of days are bringing,
While to Memory's heart are clinging
The loves I loved of yore.

"Aunt, we hunting vision!"
I cry with stern decision;
But a voice in sweet doration
Resounds about my room,
As before my eyes are dancing,
With smiles and roguish glances,
And around my chair her dancing,
While to Memory's heart are clinging
The loves I loved of yore!

"We are thy loves of boyhood,
Of thy boyhood, of thy joyhood,
Of thy sweet-remembered boyhood!"
Sings these spirits of spirit-land;
And we have to be remembered,
Though earth-rows have us surrounded,
And each one a white hand tendered,
With a grace serene and bland.

Here trips a fairy maiden,
With the rose and lily laden;
Oh! spirit from Boyhood's Aiden,
No more I sigh for thee!
On me her eyes are beaming,
With her hair and her face gleaming,
Yet a broken vow, ne'er mended,
Flashes over Memory's sea!

Next comes a form that's queenly,
But she smiles on me serenely;
Yet her eyes still dreamily
Still dreamily on me bend;
Ah, me! that sight of her again
Should wake in grief Love's sad refrain!
I am in a golden strain,
"I love thee—as a friend!"

Passing years have found me older,
Passing years have found me wiser,
Passing years nor find me colder,
Colder to the smiles of Love;
But the golden dreams of boyhood
Vanished with the days of joyhood,
And youth soon found new joyhood
At the feet of royal Love!

Oh! how charming seems the story
Of those sunny smiles of glory!
The old sun and the old story
Is sweet of it to dream!
Ha! again I see the battle!
The battle-flags and the battle!
Ah! like clouds from front of battle,
Faded Glory's bloody shawl!

Gone are those martial graces—
Gone are those smiling faces—
Gone are those dreamy traces—
Of the love I loved so well!
Even Manhood blends the willow
Above their money pillow,
As a rich fruit of the willow,
"We buried Loves!" farewell!

Farewell, each ghostly shadow!
Far down in Memory's meadow,
Where hopes so gay and sad grow,
I found a sight and a sight!
In it blooms a flower so lonely,
So beautiful, yet homely,
That its modest title only
Is plain—"Farewell!"

But, anon appears before me,
As Luna's rays glide o'er me,
That form that love has here me,
Dore me through Manhood's day;
I greet it with embraces,
As the tear drop traces,
Ah! Plighted Love soon chases,
Chases other loves away!

I will wed my soul's Ideal,
Sigh no more for the Unreal;
Far from my bosom be all
Hopeless loves expelled!
And upon Love's moonlight ocean
Shall arise no harsh contention,
For there lingers no devotion,
For those Buried Loves are dispelled.

St. Albans, Vt.

[From Dickens' "All the Year Round,"]

SOMEBODY'S ESCAPE.

In the old town of Limerick are
any fine houses, built when it was
ought that the town would stretch
at Lord Clare's, instead of going
it did. There is Back Clare street,
full of handsome private houses,
which were afterwards let and sub-let
to lodgers—many of the lower
class of tradespeople. It was in one
of these houses that a reduced gentle-
man—Miss Sally Carmody—lived,
or about the year 1761. There was
deal of French money sent over in
those times, and some, it was thought,
rank Arthur even, when he was build-
ing Arthur's Quay, was accused of hav-
ing got some. I am quite sure this
was untrue; but the story was believed,
because, you see, in those days it was
ought to build a whole quay! Three
times, they say, he was on the point of
being hanged; but the Earl of Limerick
saved him. However this might be,
Frank Arthur, being considered
"upright" (that was the word)
a Catholic, was suspected; and not
himself alone, but all who were known
to be connected with him. Arthur's
life was better born than himself, and
Miss Sally Carmody was a cousin
hers, and well known as such. So
the good old lady, was under suspi-
cion also.

Miss Sally being, as I said, reduced,
was obliged to take in needlework to
support herself. She was very skillful
in her needle and numbers of fine la-
dies used to mount the stairs to her
dwellings, to entrust her with work they
were particular about. One would
think there could be nothing very dan-
gerous in this poor gentlewoman. Still,
being related to Arthur's wife, she was
watched, and she knew it. Above all,
she lived in constant dread of a fellow-
countryman who occupied the rooms on the
ground floor, immediately below her.
This woman, who followed the calling
of a clear-starcher, was an acrid, close,
communicative little body—very in-

dustrious, but very odd in her ways.
She was what the neighbors called "a
bitter Protestant;" consequently she
was employed by all the Protestant
ladies of Limerick, and was, moreover,
a weekly pensioner of some religious
society. By Miss Sally the little
Protestant clear-starcher was looked
upon as a spy, and dreaded and
avoided accordingly.

One day, a handsome carriage
stopped at the door, and a lady of
modish appearance having inquired for
Miss Sally, alighted, and ascended the
stairs to her room. She had some
very fine work with her, and concerning
this she had a hundred instructions to
give. Miss Sally remembered after-
wards, that while she was talking about
the work the lady's eyes kept glancing
here and there rather curiously. But
as this was by no means unusual in her
fine lady visitors, it caused her no un-
easiness at the time. Her customer at
last departed, and Miss Sally resumed
her occupation, suspended during the
rather tedious directions to which she
had to listen.

The visitor's sharp eyes, however,
had not gone a prying in vain. Inside
the front room there was, as I have
often seen in those old houses, a little
room or closet, without any window,
only lighted by means of a glass door
connecting it with the apartments with-
out. It came out subsequently that
the fine lady spy had seen the shadow
of a man inside. In less than half an
hour the whole street was filled with
soldiers, and up to Miss Sally's room
they came to secure their prisoner.
They knew he had not had time to es-
cape—they also knew that from the
closet there was no second outlet; so,
when they were in the room without, they
were sure he was trapped.

Into the closet, then, they thronged,
General Duff at their head. But the
room was apparently empty. It was
without furniture, save a mattress, a
chair and a table on which were the
remains of a meal. In one corner was
a little heap of firewood, but not large
enough to conceal a man. For a moment
the soldiers were taken aback—
next moment they were reassured.

There was a brickied-up fire-place in
the room; and round it they all gath-
ered. At that time there was a tax
called hearth money, and people used to
build a sort of wall of bricks around a
fire-place, that the inspector might
see when he came that they made no
use of it. Aye, and may be when he'd
turn his back the bricks would be
taken down until the time came for the
next visit. However, as luck would
have it, Miss Sally had really no use
for this fire-place, I suppose it was as
much as she could do, poor lady, to
keep up the fire in the front room.
And it so happened that the bricks
were well and firmly built, and even
plastered over, and they reached to
within a couple of feet of the ceiling.
There was just room for a man inside,
and down there as the soldiers guessed,
the poor fugitive had dropped. He
had only a few minutes' notice of their
coming, and, catching up a hatchet
that was in the corner with the fire-
wood, he had just had time to clamber
up and gain his temporary place of re-
fuge when they broke in.

With a throbbing heart he listened
to their threats, their cries of anger,
their oaths. He heard them asking if
it would not be best to shoot down up-
on him, and kill him in his lair. But
Gen. Duff bawled out: "No, no!—not
for a hundred thousand pounds! He
must be taken alive! He cannot es-
cape us; pull down the brick-work, and
he is ours!" They then set to, and
worked hotly; and what with the
knocking and hammering, and crush-
ing and shouting, there was such an
uproar as was never heard before in
poor Miss Sally Carmody's lodgings.
The bricks being solidly built and plas-
tered, it was not so easy as they had
anticipated to tear them away. And
when at last they did effect their pur-
pose, their supposed prisoner had
again basked them—how was plainly
to be seen. While they were uproot-
ing the bricks that screened him from
them, he, seeing, or rather feeling, that
there was no hearthstone under his
feet, had conceived the hope that by
cutting away the floor he might drop
down into the room below, and so have
another chance of getting off. With
another hatch he had caught up, he fell
to work, the noise he made completely
drowned by the uproar without; and,
some minutes before their object was
effected, he landed in the room below.

Instantly the alarm was given by the
soldiers nearest the hearth place. Some
of their number remained above, while
the rest hurried down to get into the
room below. But here was another
delay, for the woman who occupied it
—a good Protestant, as several of them
knew, and therefore not to be sus-
pected of voluntarily harboring a
French spy (for such they declared the
fugitive to be)—was absent, and the
door was locked. Some, who had hur-
ried round to the back of the house,
found the window of this room fast
bolted on the inside, and there was no
other outlet from it. With a shout
they announced their certainty that
the Frenchman was still in the house,
caught in his own trap! So they
called for a crowbar to break open the
door and seize him at last. Somehow,
none of them ventured to follow him
through the hole he had made in the
floor and ceiling. They knew he must
be armed—they had abundant proof
of his energy and desperation; and the
bravest man that ever stepped might
well be pardoned for not adopting a
means of descent sure to be fatal to
himself.

But, just as the crowbar was about
to be put into requisition, there was a
cry of "Stop! stop!" from a female
voice in the crowd, and presently a lit-
tle woman, greatly flurried and excited,
came elbowing her way towards them.

"Oh, General, honey!" she cried, "sure
ye won't break open my little room?
I have the key somewhere—only wait
one minute!" And the little clear-
starcher fumbled desperately in her
pockets and in the bosom of her dress,
povoking the while, as well as she could
speak, that it was "the Lord sent her
back from her errand in time to pre-
vent her little place from being
smashed!" Still the poor creature was
so frightened and so confused that it
was not until the General, losing all
patience, had again called for the crow-
bar, that the key at length made its ap-
pearance in answer to a despairing dive
into the depths of a capacious side-
pocket.

It was snatched from her, the door
was flung open, and the men poured
in. In a moment every nook and cranny
was ransacked, in vain! There was
no trace of the fugitive, and they were
completely at fault. The window shut,
and bolted on the inside, precluded any
idea of escape in that direction; the
fire cheerily burning in the large grate
as effectually proved that he could not
have ascended the chimney; he was
nowhere in the room, yet there was
plain to all beholders the aperture in
the ceiling by which he had got down.
And louder than the cries of the angry
soldiers were those of the little clear-
starcher, whose apartment had been so
unceremoniously disfigured. The
would-be captors were baffled; they
swore that they were baffled by the
devil himself!

But the Evil One had no need,
even were he so inclined, to interfere
in the matter. The little Protestant
clear-starcher had contrived very cleverly
to outwit the soldiery. That she was
old in her ways was certain; for
while every man, woman, or child, ex-
cept herself, was in commotion on the
arrival of the military, she remained at
her wash-tub, rubbing away, and lis-
tening to the uproar and the blows
overhead, as if nothing at all unusual
were the matter. There she was, when
the ceiling gave away, and the poor
hunted Frenchman, pale and covered
with dust, stood before her. She
never cried out, or even spoke; she
just looked at him for a second, then
pointed to the open window; he sprang
out, and hastened off in the direction
she indicated. The little woman
dusted the window sill where he had
left the prints of his feet, shot the win-
dow, bolted it on the inside, threw
some fresh fuel on the fire, slipped out,
locking the door behind her, and muddled
unobserved with the people in the
street.

Wherever the Frenchman was, he
was saved. When he jumped out
through the window, he made off
across a garden, on through other gar-
dens, out into a field where some men
were digging potatoes. These seeing
him emerging, and his dress all torn,
guessed how it was, and one of them
gave him his jacket, another his
brogues, another his cap, and they
rubbed clay over his hands and face,
and otherwise aided his disguise.
They put a spade into his hand, and
set him to dig with them. By-and-by
the soldiers came to make inquiries,
and were sent off on a wild goose chase
after a gentleman without a hat whom
they said they had seen running in an
opposite direction. The soldiers never
found him, and the fugitive got safe
back to France. It was not rightly
known what he was; some said one
thing, and some another; but from
what Gen. Duff cried out when the sol-
diers wanted to fire down on him, it
was believed it must be somebody of
great consequence. The poor people
said it was the King of France.

GET ESOPUS SLEEP.—We have often
heard young men remark that four or
five hours was all they wanted, and all
that the human system required. The
habit of going without sufficient sleep
is very injurious. Thousands, no
doubt, permanently injure their health
in this way. We live in a fast age,
when everybody seems to be trying to
pervert the order of nature. If folks
will persist in turning day into night,
it is not to be wondered at that few
last out the allotted term of life. No
matter what a man's occupation, phys-
ical or mental, or like Othello's "gone,"
and living in illness—the constitution
cannot stand it without a sufficiency of
regular and refreshing sleep. John
Hunter, the great surgeon, died sud-
denly of spasmodic affection of the
heart, a disease greatly encouraged by
want of sleep. In a volume just pub-
lished by a medical man, there is one
great lesson that may be learned by
hard students and literary men, and
that is, that Hunter probably killed
himself by too little sleep. "Four
hours rest at night and one after din-
ner, cannot be deemed sufficient to re-
cruit the exhausted powers of body
and mind." Certainly not; and the
consequence was that Hunter died
early. If men will insist on cheating
sleep, her "twin sister death" will
avenge the insult.—*Home Journal.*

George Peabody, the great London
banker, will retire finally from ac-
tive business in October next, when
his existing partnership terminates.
His house will continue, but its name
will be changed. Mr. Peabody is de-
sirous to return and spend the greater
part of the rest of his life in the United
States, but he has resolved never to
gratify that wish until the Union is re-
stored.

On account of the high price of
sugar, hundreds of dollars worth of
rhubarb raised near Hartford, will be
lost for want of customers; pie can't
be made of it without sugar, and so it
is out of the question. Some farmers
who have a large quantity of pie-plant
are using it for manure, though they
might make it into excellent wine with-
out great cost.

GOV. FAIRBANKS' WELCOME.

At the opening of the meeting of the
Vermont Historical Society, at St.
Johnsbury, on the 29th and 30th ult.,
Ex-Gov. Fairbanks made an address
of welcome which we find reported
in the last *Caledonian* and which we
gladly republish in our columns.

MR. FAIRBANKS: In behalf of the citi-
zens of our village and town, I have
the honor of presenting to the mem-
ber of the Vermont Historical Society
our cordial welcome, and of express-
ing our gratification that you have
honored us with this special appoint-
ment.

Our citizens, and the citizens of this
country, have known too little of your
society, and have perhaps been too lit-
tle interested in the objects for which
it has been organized. This, I think,
has not resulted from our incapacity
to appreciate those objects, or to value
the interesting facts and incidents de-
veloped by the society; but from inat-
tention and a limited acquaintance
with this medium of research.

I am happy, sir, to avail myself of
this opportunity to introduce you and
your society to our community, and
"we hope for better acquaintance."
Vermont has a history, interesting
and instructive, much of which has
never been published. Valuable local
facts, and the biography of men im-
mensely useful, are, in too many in-
stances, unknown or obnoxious to the
public. It is not the Ethan Allens and
the Warners who alone represent our
great men and the worthies of past
generations. Many noble men, tal-
ented and useful, have occupied pri-
vate and modest spheres, who, had
they been brought out by the force of
circumstances, would now be num-
bered in the galaxy of statesmen, and
public benefactors. The worth of such
men is often undervalued while living,
and we fail to realize their loss until
we look, and look in vain for others to
fill their places, and occupy their va-
cant spheres of usefulness.

It is the mission of your society, sir,
to supply in part, the biography of
such men, to rescue from oblivion
their memory, and hold up their use-
ful lives as patterns for the present
and future generations.
It is true Vermont has its record,—
its published record of men and events,
alike honorable and interesting; and
to you, sir, are we indebted, in no
small degree, for its history. Still,
interesting and instructive as is the
history of the past, and however hon-
orably associated with that of our
common country, it is from among our
contemporaries, the men of the present
time, that history will select its patri-
ots, its heroes and its statesmen.

In the present fearful national con-
flict, the blood and treasure of our citi-
zens are freely sacrificed. Our young
men, with their heroic officers, are
found in "fore front of the hottest bat-
tles." Deeds of heroic valor and of
self-sacrificing devotion in the cause
of our common country, are performed
by our Vermont soldiers,—deeds which
should be known to posterity, but
which will go unrecorded, unless some
friendly chronicler rescues them from
oblivion; and what agency so appro-
priate for such a work as the Vermont
Historical Society.

It is not our high commanding offi-
cers who alone deserve this honor.
They, with few exceptions, have nobly
done their duty, and their achieve-
ments together with the great events
of the war, will find their place in his-
tory. But the humblest soldier in the
ranks is often as deserving, and his
services, not infrequently, are as im-
portant in deciding the issues of bat-
tles, as are those of his superior offi-
cers; and is it not the appropriate
mission of the Vermont Historical So-
ciety to note and record the incidents
of the service and the personal achieve-
ments of our own citizen soldiers,
that our descendants who will possess
the dear bought inheritance, rescued
and preserved from the barbarous foe
by these our brethren, may read the
record and immortalize their memory?

But, sir, it becomes me to indi-
cate on the present occasion, the mis-
sion and duties of your society. I am
reminded that the duty assigned me
at the present time is to welcome its
members, in behalf of our citizens, to
our quiet villages and homes.

We have anticipated this occasion
with pleasure. We cannot fail to be
instructed, while we are sure the oc-
casion will be one of enjoyment,—essen-
tially *utile dulci*; and if our visitors
shall in any degree enjoy the same
gratification, if the pleasure and profit
shall be, in any good degree mutual,
our highest wishes will be gratified.

The amount of coal transported by
the Delaware Canal Company this
season, up to May 24, was 97,085 tons,
an increase of 29,177 tons over last
season. But the increased production is
not likely to help consumers any, as
the transportation companies propose
to increase their rates, and coal will
probably be higher next winter than
now. There seems no prospect for its
declining until the production shall ex-
ceed the demand, and the scarcity of
labor and the large government de-
mand for coal will help to postpone
that time.

ANDREW JOHNSON.—He was born in
Raleigh, N. C., Dec. 29, 1808. When
he was four years of age he lost his
father, who died from the effects of
exertions to save a friend from drown-
ing. At the age of ten he was ap-
prenticed to a tailor in his native city,
with whom he served seven years.
His mother was unable to afford him
any educational advantages, and he
never attended school a day in his life.
While learning his trade, however, he
resolved to make an effort to educate
himself. His anxiety to be able to
read was particularly excited by an
incident which is worthy of mention.
A gentleman in Raleigh was in the hab-
it of going into the tailor's shop and
reading while the apprentice and jour-
neymen were at work. He was an ex-
cellent reader, and his favorite book
was a volume of speeches, principally
of British statesmen. Johnson be-
came interested, and his first ambition
was to equal him as a reader and be-
come familiar with those speeches.
He took up the alphabet without an
instructor, but by applying to the
journeymen with whom he worked, he
obtained a little assistance. Having
acquired a knowledge of the letters, he
applied for the loan of the book
which he had so often heard read.
The owner made him a present of it,
and gave him some instructions on the
use of letters in the formation of
words. Thus his first exercises in
spelling were in that book. By per-
severance he soon learned to read, and
the hours which he devoted to educa-
tion were at night after he was through
his daily labor upon the shop-board.
He now applied himself to books from
two to three hours every night, after
working from ten to twelve hours at
his trade.

Having completed his apprenticeship
in the autumn of 1824, he went to
Laurens Court House, S. C., where he
worked as a journeyman for nearly
two years. While there he became
engaged to be married, but the match
was broken off by the violent opposition
of the girl's mother and friends, the
ground of objection being Mr. John-
son's youth and want of pecuniary
means. In May, 1826, he returned to
Raleigh, where he procured journey
work, and remained until September.
He then set out to seek his fortune in
the West, carrying with him his moth-
er, who was dependent upon him for
support. He stopped at Greenville,
Tenn., and commenced work as a
journeyman. He remained there about
twelve months, married, and soon af-
terwards went still further westward,
but failing to find a suitable place to
settle, he returned to Greenville and
commenced business. Up to this time
his education was limited to reading,
as he had never had an opportunity
of learning to write or cipher; but un-
der the instructions of his wife he
learned these and other branches.
The only time however he devoted to
them was in the dead hours of night.

The first office which he ever held
was that of alderman of the village, to
which he was elected in 1828. He
was re-elected to the same position in
1829 and again in 1830. In that year
he was chosen mayor, which position
he held for three years. In 1835 he
was elected to the legislature. In the
session of that year he took decided
ground against a scheme of internal
improvements, which he contended
would not only prove a failure, but en-
tail upon the state a burdensome debt.
The measure was popular, however,
and at the next election (1837) he was
defeated. He became candidate again
in 1839. By this time many of the
evils which he had predicted from the
internal improvement policy which he
had opposed four years previous were
fully demonstrated, and he was elected
by a large majority. In 1846 he
served as presidential elector for the
state at large on the democratic ticket.
He canvassed a large portion of the
state, meeting upon the stump several
of the leading whig orators. In 1841
he was elected to the state senate.

In 1843 he was elected to Congress,
where by successive elections he served
until 1853. During this period of ser-
vice he was conspicuous and active in
advocating, respectively, the bill for
refunding the fine imposed upon Gen.
Jackson at New Orleans in 1815, the
annexation of Texas, the tariff of 1846,
the war measures of Mr. Polk's admin-
istration, and a homestead bill. In
1853 he was elected governor of Ten-
nessee, after an exciting canvass, in
which he was opposed by Gustavus A.
Henry. He was re-elected in 1855,
after another active contest, his com-
petitor being Meredith P. Gentry. At
the expiration of his second period as
governor, in 1857, he was elected
United States senator for a full term,
ending March 3, 1863.—*New American*
Cyclopaedia.

THE MOON'S INFLUENCE.—It is said
that if timber be felled when the moon
is on the increase, it will decay, and
that it should always be cut when the
moon is on the wane. Nobody can
give a reason for this, yet the belief is
common in several countries, and
what is still more strange, professed
wood-cutters, whose occupation is to
fell timber, aver, as the actual result
of their observation, that the belief is
well founded. It was formerly inter-
woven in the Forest Code of France,
and unless expunged by recent altera-
tions, is so still. The same opinion is
said to obtain in the German forests,
in Brazil, and in Yucatan. The theo-
ry given to account for what is as-
sumed to be a fact, is, that as the moon
grows, the sap rises, and the wood
therefore is less dense than when the
moon is waning, because at that time
the sap in the tree diminishes. No evi-
dence whatever can be offered in sup-
port either of the belief or of the the-
ory; and as a matter of fact we may
rest assured that there is no more

foundation for the one than the other.
There are persons who will say, if you
admit that the moon is capable of
drawing a vast body of water to a
heap, why not admit also the possibi-
lity of her attracting a moisture in a
tree? To these it may be replied,
that the rise or fall of the sap depends
on the quantity of heat which reaches
the roots of the tree, and not at all
on attraction. The belief in the moon's
influence as regards timber, extends to
vegetables, but we believe the idea to
be less generally entertained in this
country than abroad, where they set
upon the maxim that root crops should
be planted when the moon is decreas-
ing, and plants, such as peas, beans,
and others, which bear their crops on
the branches, between new and full
moon. Some time ago, a body of sag-
es had a long discussion, and wrote
numerous treatises, to explain why it
was that a lump of metal, if laid on
water, would sink to the bottom, while,
if it were beaten out into a sheet, it
would float. The theories were very
plausible, though they were opposed
to one another. At last it occurred
to one of the sages to suggest that it
would be well to ascertain by the ac-
tual experiment if it were really the
fact that the metal would float under
the circumstances stated. Accordingly,
a vessel of water was brought, a
sheet of the metal was laid on it, and
it very soon lay at the bottom. An
example of the kind is furnished by
Toledo, the Italian meteorologist, who,
to account for the belief current among
vine-growers, that wine, the making
of which is begun in the old moon
and finished in the new, is never clear
nor of good quality, attributes it to
the circumstance that the absence of
the lunar rays, by lowering the tem-
perature of the air, checks the fermen-
tation. Now, if it had occurred to
him to expose the most delicate ther-
mometer to the full light of the moon
shining with its greatest luster, he
would have found that the mercury
was not elevated a hair's breadth;
neither would it have been, if he had
exposed it in the focus of her rays,
concentrated by the most powerful
lenses. This has been proved by ac-
tual experiment.—*All the Year Round.*

CHEERFUL PERSPIRATION.—A merchant,
in "lending a hand" on board of one
of his ships on a windy day, found him-
self, at the end of an hour and a half,
pretty well exhausted and perspiring
freely. He sat down to rest. The cool
wind from the sea was delightful, and,
engaging in conversation, time passed
faster than he was aware of. In at-
tempting to rise he found he was un-
able to do so without assistance. He
was taken home and put to bed, where
he remained for two years; and for a
long time afterwards could only hob-
ble about with the aid of a crutch.
Less exposures than this have, in con-
stitutions not so vigorous, resulted in
inflammation of the lungs, pneumonia,
ending in death in less than a week, or
causing tedious rheumatisms, to be a
source of torture for a lifetime. Mul-
titudes of lives would be saved every
year, and an innumerable amount of
human suffering would be prevented,
if parents would begin to explain to
their children, at the age of three or
four years, the danger which attends
cooling off too quickly after exercise,
and the importance of not standing
still after exercise, or work, or play,
or of remaining exposed to a wind, or
of sitting at an open window or door,
or of pulling off any garment, even the
hat or bonnet, while in a heat. It
should be remembered by all that a
cold never comes without a cause, and
that, in four times out of five, it is the
result of leaving off exercise too sud-
denly, or of remaining still in the wind,
or in a cooler atmosphere than that in
which the exercise has been taken.—*Edinburgh Paper.*

THE BREAKFAST TABLE.—Breakfast,
as a possibility, is something very de-
lightful; a breakfast as it is, is often a
very disagreeable operation. To in-
sure a pleasant breakfast, everything
must be done in time and in order;
the fire must be kept clear and bright;
the kitchen, as well as the dining-
room, clean; the table neatly laid; the
food nicely cooked, if it be ever so
plain; and the family all seated punc-
tually in their places as the clock strikes
the proper hour for breakfast.

There are plenty of people who dis-
like punctuality. They consider it one
of the inalienable rights and privileges
of living in one's own house, that they
can drop down to meals, and especially
their morning meal, any time, in de-
fiance of all rules and regulations.
This is a misfortune; it puts an end
forever to order and comfort in any
household—it destroys all pleasant op-
portunities for the social chat—it for-
ces one part of the family to eat at
one time, and the rest at another—it
doubles the labor, and altogether com-
plicates and embarrasses the domestic
machinery in a way to render order and
economy of time out of the question.

The legislature that is making
a feat of sitting at New Haven, is uni-
versally voted the laziest and most
shiftless body that has convened in the
State for years. It is with difficulty
that enough members can be got to-
gether to transact business on the days
that it is nominally in session, which
are only between Tuesday afternoon
and Friday morning of each week.

There are four clubs in the Yale
navy—the Varuna, Gyluna, Nixie, and
Undine. The officers are: Commodore
S. C. Pierson; first fleet captain, G.
Todd Ford; second fleet captain, Robert
L. Crook; purser, C. Frank Brown.
The navy is considerably in debt, hav-
ing borrowed \$2000 to complete a new
boat house. McKay, of Harlem, has
recently built three new shells for Yale,
that are remarkably neat.

THE CENSUS REPORT.

The first volume of the quarto edi-
tion of the Census of the United States
for 1860, is now printed. The census
itself was taken on the first day of June,
1860. The leading facts as to the popu-
lation and its distribution were pub-
lished in the American Almanac and
similar compilations in the autumn of
the same year. On the 21st of May,
1862, we had the "Preliminary Report
on the Eighth Census," and the Senate
of the United States on the 24th or-
dered that 50,000 copies of it should be
printed. Of these most of the readers
of these lines probably possess. We
have now at last the first volume of the
complete edition.

Now that we have it, we will ac-
knowledge that the arrangement of the
work appears thorough. Mr. Kenne-
dy's introduction of more than a hun-
dred pages is a very curious condensa-
tion of some of the most striking results.
The population of the country, June
1, 1860, is definitely announced as 31,
443,321.

The number of States had increased
in ten years, from thirty-one to thirty-
four,—but no new acquisition of unin-
habited territory had been made. Every
State and territory increased in popu-
lation, but this increase varied as
widely, as from one-third of one per
cent, which was the increase of Ver-
mont, to two hundred and ninety-four
per cent, which was the increase of
Oregon; and two thousand seven hun-
dred and sixty per cent, which was
that of Minnesota.

The ratio of increase in the whole
country is 35.04 per cent, in ten years.
The most curious regularity has gov-
erned this ratio in the last eighty years.
It has never been less than 32 and six-
tenths per cent, in a decade,—never
more than thirty-six and one-half. The
increase of the free-colored population
in the new decade has been but twelve
and a third per cent. Mr. Kennedy's
statistics regarding the colored race
are curious and fair. Things have
changed at Washington since the cen-
sus used to make out that to be a free-
colored man at the North was virtu-
ally to be consigned to blindness